THE MEASURE
A JOURNAL OF POETRY

Tiger Moth, by Genevieve Taggard- - - - - - - -

Poems by Cathal O'Byrne, Prescott Hoard, Paul Tanaquil, Lindley Williams Hubbell, and others

Mr. Mencken's Sound and Fury- - - - - - - - - -

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Tiger Moth

BLACK and savage, here I lie
Taken by Thy symmetry,

Quiet as the little beast
Taken in the jungle midst;

Breathing lightly, lest I stir
Some of Thy bold gossamer;

Wanting sleep, where all forget
Dew of terror made them wet,

With mortality come on
And the crying glory gone;

So to wake as we began
Just a woman and a man.

Genevieve Taggard

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What the Ballad Singer Said of the Poets At the Fair of Rathcormac

A RAPSCALLION rabble of pagans are the poets of Erin,
Under Heaven of the Clouds 'tis to a false god they are faithful,
And a jealous and greedy god it is that the minstrels have for a master,
Greedy as the gay-seeming, green-valleyed ocean of waters
At whose heart lies forever rancor, deceit and stark ruin.
Jealous he is as the Black Clans of Hell in the House of Red Shadows,
They who, afar off, envy the Shining Ones going the highways
Under cool, green, dewy valleys by the rivers of Heaven.
And 'tis not a bountiful god he is either, with gifts or with benefits,
His largess consists not of cattle or lands or red gold in abundance.
His pay, and my hand to you! is the hard word of churls and their scoffing,
The curse of the shaven clerics, with a bell and the lighting of candles,
Or, at most, a fistful of greasy pence from the niggardly till of the wineshop.
But him the poet will serve, and in serving be lavish and princely.
Not alone his heart he will give and his soul, but the smother of trifles
That lies at the back of both, as foam lies on a green wave returning,
Or the god whom he owns and serves, will blast him with blight and sterility,
Or destroy him outright with a look, the look that the cowardly Peter
Saw in the eyes of his Friend when the Red Cock crew of a morning.
A jackdaw, the poet is, of the birds of the air and the elements,
With rags from the dust and scraps from the heaps and a mouthful
Of colored words he will make a gay little nest and a pleasant
For himself alone and his songs, and no other thing at all in it.
At the call of his dream he will climb the blue stairs of the airy morning,
To chamber with Ossian and all the Bright Hosts in the White Courts of Heaven,

And at night, with a load at his heart, lie low on Hell's blazing flagstone,
With the powerless rout of Clan Satan around him barging and screeching,
Because even in Hell the poet has still his own soul in his keeping.
The churl can come but once to the sod of his doom and his death-hour;
With each breath the poet endures, for the world's woe, deaths that are countless.
A worm in the beak of his little brown brother the lark is his torment,
And a linnet dead in the dust is a sharp pain to him and a cruel.
And not alone his own cargo of griefs and fears must he carry,
But the whole big world's weight of wrong and misunderstanding,
Until the Three Spadefuls of Death with merciful dust shall cover
His heart and his weary eyes away, with his songs and his dreams, forever.

Cathal O'Byrne

Altitude

THREE boys came running down the street;
The joy of earth was at their feet;
I could not measure to their eyes
Because they laughed beyond the skies.

Contrasts

I DOVE quickly in the sparkling lake
And soft fingers grasped me;
Little winds and ripples were awake
As blue waters clasped me.

Down I swam past windows strangely dim,
Through their curtains glancing;
Then turned upward drifting arm and limb
Where lily-pads were dancing.

Laughing lake, I scarcely can remember
Ice that held you silent in December.

Prescott Hoard

HENRY

IN his compositions he sought
The bizarre. How very banal
His present decomposition!

ROBERT

He insulted God
Nor ever forgave God
For forgiving him. God!

CLAUDIA

She was no poetess,
But Sappho alone
Could aptly mourn
Claudia's passing.

EUGENE

Dead? Nonsense!
He sailed to Paradise
To study mystic technic
From the Holy Ghost.

GORDON

Tread softly: here is the bigamist!
Ghosts of three fat women
Haunt his dreams.

PHILIP

Eminently methodic,
Dependable, regular—
Suddenly your heart stopped,
But your watch went tic-tic....

VIOLET

She loved to dance,
She hated to dance
With me. Let her dance
Now.

Jacques Le Clercq
("Paul Tanaquil")

Pandora Wind

OH do not blow the dust about me so,
Pandora Wind! It is high time you knew
That I am dead. I died long years ago.
You should not stir dead dust the way you do.
The truth is this. It's only so and so
That girls may walk and talk and play and sing,
And there is much in life they cannot know
Of too ripe summer and too early spring.

For spring that comes too early is too wise,
And too ripe summer bears too heavy fruit,
And autumn blows grey dust in tired eyes,
And winter kills the stark and frozen root.
And I am dead. I died long years ago.
Oh do not blow the dust about me so!

Anne Persov

Song

BLUE sky arch over her,
Moon-goddess, hark!
Lean down and cover her
When it is dark.

Strong hills be kind to her
She is so frail;
Gently unwind to her
Star-pointed trail.

* * * * * *

No trace of her lingers—
Altho I besought her
She slipped thru my fingers
Like water.... like water....

Margaret Tod Ritter

Rio Grandé Del Norté

REPUDIATING white-capped mother peaks,
Drunken on Spring and mad with melted snows
The prodigal, carousing, downward goes
To brawl among the lowlands where he tweaks,
In passing, the green beards of shores, and wreaks
First ardor on a valley bride that grows
Fecund in vain. Already, he bestows
Bright kisses on the desert's swarthy cheeks....
Stifling beneath her burning clutch and breath
He struggles, sobered from the wanton sand;
But there is no return. The end is death.
Across his muddy back an alien land
Of husks and fever scowls. Be solaced, fool—
Though heighths are far, the drowning sea is cool!

Lilian White Spencer

Eucalyptus

MY lover is like this tree!
This eucalyptus, slight
Of body; and sinewy
Of bough; and white, white!

Taut the muscles lie
Under the bark; as smooth
To the touch as the naked thigh
Of a youth.

Alzire Nelson

Narrative

HE picked her up as any moron would
By Hudson's Ferry. Night was pushing through
To leap into the sky... The dark was good:
It told no tales... And so he took her to
The Dubloon Boathouse—soon the moon-white river
Gave way before his stroking... out, still out...
(The rayful darkness made her icy-shiver.)
They knew too well the devil was about.

A river has too many tales to tell;
And hands that go astray sometimes can bring
More havoc than they will. The story? Well:
Arms sometimes will forget to what they cling,
And crafts that will not right go swooning down.—
He turned and swam out, leaving her to drown.

Howard McKinley Corning

Forgive Me

FORGIVE me if I bring
Wraiths in my eyes;
Do not show surprise
At so slight a thing.
Which of us is not
A house with frosted windows,
With figures shifting
Behind the blurred glass
Like shadows on water?
Which of us is not
A tired vane, lifting
To show which way the wind goes?
Forgive me if I bring
Death in my eyes;
Do not show surprise,
It is a common thing.

Poems

POEMS are born when life is dead,
Or else so much alive
No ribs can give it residence,
No heart can give it hive.

There is no soul of transient thew,
No mind of common grey
That can subsist on such an air—
But poems come that way.

Lindley Williams Hubbell

"No Trespassing"

AS hostess, Poetry had opened wide
Her pearly doors, and to her golden hall
Invited every poet, great or small,
To be her guests—not one should be denied.

They came in hordes—a mixed and motley throng!
Vain dreamers, poets dumb and blind and lame,
Hope-eyed, from every walk in life they came,
Each offering with earnestness a song.

Some of them had a song but could not sing;
Others had voice but naught to tell; and Oh!
Poor souls, so many of them did not know
That plowing was for them a better thing.

* * * * * *

Imposed upon by the unending string
Of guests unworthy—crowds that daily swelled,
The hostess was, in self-defense, compelled
To post outside a sign: "NO TRESPASSING."

James Courtney Challiss.

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Executive Secretary—Lindley Williams Hubbell.

ACTING EDITOR: E. MERRILL ROOT

Mr. Mencken's Sound and Fury

IT IS NO more fair to judge Nietzsche by the Nietzcheans than to judge Christ by the Christians. And so we had best absolve Zarathustra at once, and come to his caricature. Nietzsche said that the poets lie too much: meaning that all the poets lie some of the time, and some of the poets lie all the time, but surely not that all the poets lie all the time. But Mr. Mencken, Zarathustra's contemporary ape, thinks that all the poets, all the time, are star-spangled liars.

Mr. Mencken's peculiar prejudices are written in Americanese of a racy bumptiousness so interesting that we overlook the fact that he has only about a dozen perpetually iterated ideas, half of which are platitudes, and the other half wrong. But in *Prejudices, Third Series* there is a strained effect, as tho Mr. Mencken knew he never could recapture the first fine careless rapture. At its best, his style has the rumble of revolutionary tumbrils bearing hill-Billies to the guillotine. At his best, he is a literary pirate, hoisting the Jolly Roger, firing volleys of carronades with great sound and fury, putting the men spectacularly to the cutlass, and carousing hugely with the women and the rum. But in his *Third Series* he seems like an aristocrat with the headache; a tired pirate. And particularly weak is his attack on poetry: he is merely George F. Babbitt masquerading as Captain Kidd.

What has Mr. Mencken to say about poetry? That it is a childish, or at best an adolescent, art. When men are savages (like Shelley?) they write poetry; when they are civilized adults (like Mr. George Jean Nathan?) they write prose.

"Poetry" (he says) "requires no discipline." A certain John Keats, who began with honied sonnets and disciplined himself into the organ music of *Hyperion,* must stir under the violets. It takes years to acquire a prose style, says Mr. Mencken; the poets from the cradle lisp in numbers for the numbers come. Mr. Mencken is as innocent as any sweet girl graduate. One would suppose that he had not only never written any poetry, but never even tried to write any. We who know about the writing of poetry, both because we have written it and because we have studied (say) a manuscript of Keats, realize that Mr. Mencken is simply what a Frenchman would call "saugrenu" or an Irishman "innocent". Has Mr. Mencken never read Shakespeare? Or is he too perverse to observe the growth of Shakespeare's style? Does he think the chords and cadences of *Lear* the undisciplined lisping of a babe and suckling?

"Some good son
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!"

The truth is that poetry (not verse, which anybody can write) requires a discipline, a "fundamental brain power", that are quite beyond the reach of a mere prose writer. The great poets, when they wished, could write a fine prose: Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Poe. But imagine Thomas Huxley writing *Lear* or *The Dauber!*

"Poetry" (Mr. Mencken continues) "Is emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday." He agrees with the wits of the Comic Papers: "More Truth than Poetry." One turns to poetry as to opium. Poetry is a sort of inferior beer. It is "a comforting piece of fiction set to more or less lascivious music." Fearing death, we turn to spooks—or to poetry. Finding love a cheat, we turn to harlots—or to poetry. So far Mr. Mencken. The reply is easy: of course, if Mr. Mencken thinks that sort of stuff *poetry*.....

Mr. Mencken says that poetry is either denial of objective facts or denial of subjective facts. As an example of the first, he cites:

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

A singular obtuseness prevents Mr. Mencken from noticing that Browning himself is not speaking, but a dramatic creation, a young girl innocent of the world. Does Mr. Mencken really think it a fact that young girls go around on a Spring holiday chanting:

"God's in the discard,
All's wrong with the Booboisie"?

Is he ignorant that Browning is a dramatic poet, among whose fifty men and women are those who damn as well as those who bless? As an example of the denial of subjective facts, Mr. Mencken cites:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

He would probably revise this to read:

"I am one-legged and tubercular,
My glands are captains of my anatomy."

That, he thinks, would be the prose truth. But maybe Henley was thinking of Whitman, or of Thoreau, or of Heine who jested on his mattress-grave, "Le Dieu me pardonera... c'est son métier." There have been men who were "captains of their souls" in Henley's sense —tho Mr. Mencken may not be one of them. Whether true or false, moreover, Henley's statement is not peculiar to poetry: Mr. Mencken will find it, buttressed by every circumstance of logic, in Epictetus' prose. And in poetry, just as in prose, one can find the opposite idea if one wishes....

"We are none other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go . . ."

Mr. Mencken doesn't believe an idea in a poem, so he calls *poetry* false, which is like calling Germany a nation of Huns because you don't like the Kaiser!—or pneumatic tires worthless because they are sometimes flat!

Mr. Mencken depreciates Browning and praises Darwin. "There are men who are so thoroly civilized that even the most severe attack upon the emotions is not sufficient to dethrone their reason. Charles Darwin was such a man. There was never a moment in his life... when he turned to poetry; in fact he regarded all poetry as silly." Poor poetry! Or poor Darwin? We seem to hear Mr. M'Choakumchild, that resolute school-master.... "In this life we want nothing but facts, sir, nothing but facts...." Mr. Mencken will be telling us next that Euclid knew more than Jesus!

Mr. Mencken's great error is that, like all Calvinists, he thinks "fact" and "logic" synonymous with "truth". From his premises he draws strange confusions. We cannot (he says) reduce Poe's poems to clear statements—like texts and illuminated wall-mottoes—therefore they have no content, they have only music! As tho a statement must be clear to the conscious reason, like the multiplication table, before it can have significance! Poe and Blake knew that the greatest and truest things are too real and too deep for the blind, lame reason. The poets know that "Much madness is divinest sense to a discerning eye." When Mr. Mencken says that Poe's poems have no content but music, we who know that they are darkness visible, that they are records of Poe's wanderings in the labyrinthine abysses of his own heart among horrors and hazards that pass the understanding, merely smile. Mr. Mencken, we know, like all school-masters, is just solemnly funny.

The truth, of course, is the opposite of Mr. Mencken's prejudices.

Poetry results from *intense awareness.* It tells, first of all, the truth of physical things. Keats' "Beaded bubbles winking at the brim" is actual truth: the truth had never been told before he said it; "Globules of H2O bursting suddenly because of gaseous expansion...." or whatever scientific gabble would logically express breaking bubbles is factual truth and actual falsity. "And the ship of sun-rise burning Strands upon the Eastern rims...", "Butterflies that ope and close Their wings as babies work their toes...", "Sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight...", "Laughter holding both his sides...", "The death's-head infant coldly eyed The desert of her shrunken breast...", "Lantern-hanging pears", "Soft as a bubble sung Out of a linnet's lung...": these are truth—truth that prose attains more seldom, and logic and science never.

And poetry brings us also truth of psychology and character. Mr. Mencken has small belief in Browning's veracity, but it would be difficult to paint certain phases of humanity more truly than Browning has painted his fifty men and women. We need only remember the humanism of *Fra Lippo Lippi;* or recall *The Bishop Orders His Tomb,* which Ruskin said outdid all the prose of his *Stones of Venice.* Or merely compare Shakespeare's (or Browning's) Caliban with Mr. Mencken's facile rumble-bumble about the Puritan and the Yahoo, and you will see how the truth of creation differs from the prose

that "talks about" a thing. Caliban (or Boobus Universalis) is not only truer but also much more terrible than Mr. Mencken's analyzed Boobus Americanus.

In philosophy, too, poetry is the highest human truth. "Be still, my soul, be still, it is but for a season. Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.", "Man is as a spark that flieth upward", "Mortality weighs on me like unwilling sleep", "If the sun and moon should doubt They'd immediately go out", "'Tis we who lost in stormy visions keep With phantoms an unprofitable strife... Strike with our spirit's knife Invulnerable nothings", "Lift not the painted veil which those who live Call life...", "The loathly bird Stationed always in the skies, Waiting for the flesh that dies", "Hell is a city much like London", "God's spies".... these are hardly "an emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday." Indeed, whatever philosophy has been logically developed in prose has been intuitively surpassed in poetry. Prose is, at best, life only red-hot; poetry is life white-hot. Poetry, unhampered by the letter of fact (which scribes and school-teachers love), seizes the spirit. Prose deals with the transient and illusory fact; poetry with the Platonic idea. That is what Aristotle meant when he said that poetry is more philosophic than history. What prose has ever touched the historical truth of Napoleon's fall like the simple line, "And Kings crept out again to feel the sun"?

That the philosophy of poetry is an "emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday", is a silly statement. Mr. Mencken should know that the great poet is terrible as an army with banners; that the children of darkness hate him beyond all others because he faces and states the "harsh realities of everyday"; that they hound him into exile, bar him in prisons, starve him or crucify him not because he gives them "a comforting piece of fiction set to lascivious music", but because he doesn't. Often the great poet must show:

> "The bitter, old, and wrinkled truth
> Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
> False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth."

Always he must uphold the unknown, or the known and forgotten, Truth. The Philistines of America did not hate Whitman because he gave them "an emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday", but because he noticed terrible truths—for example, that the sun does not refuse publicans and sinners. The English did not hate

Shelley because he was an "ineffectual angel", but because he was a very effectual devil, "devil" to them being anyone who wrote terribly of the "harsh realities of everyday." Remember the *Mask of Anarchy,* and Castlereigh with his seven bloodhounds, who were in "admirable plight" because he "Tossed them human hearts to chew". All Mr. Mencken's criticism of America, compared with Shelley's criticism of England, is like the antics of a eunuch after the ardors of a gladiator. And has Mr. Mencken never realized that the height of Nietzsche's spirit—*Thus Spake Zarathustra*—is pure poetry, and condemned as such by all the Dryasdusts of philosophy? "Mankind's profoundest book" was—Poetry!

In his whole discussion of poetry, Mr. Mencken is curiously the school-master. Or one might call him a Quarterly Reviewer without the whiskers. Only the style suggests the great Mencken of the political essays. Here he is Herbert Spencer, pedantic philosopher of the Unknowable, writing, in the style of a slightly inebriated Mark Twain, about Ariel. He is merely an Innocent Abroad. One may go further, and call him a Zenith barber talking about the fine-arts...

What is Mr. Mencken, anyway? Simply John Calvin reincarnated: Calvin plus a little honey and dynamite, but still Calvin. There are a few gargoyles added to the square church—but it is still a church of logic, and of predestination, and of the elect, and of earth-a-Hell. Poetry is worthless, except as hymns which sing the proper dogmas.... Good pagans, whether of Epictetus or of Epicurus, or good Christians considering the lilies of the field and the many mansions of the world, will not listen to Mr. Mencken's church-bell. We have no use for Calvin, whether religious or esthetic.

Mr. Mencken on poetry? The poet always writes the supreme word: "Sound and fury, signifying nothing". *E. Merrill Root.*

Hickory, Dickory, Dock, Miss Lowell Up the Clock!

What's O'Clock, by Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.25

THERE is a bad old proverb: De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum. I say rather: De Mortuis Veritas.

Lovers of Miss Lowell will look upon her last poems and, like

the first recorded reviewer, will find them good. Truly there *are* poems to praise in this little volume. I, personally, find here poems that I like better than any of Miss Lowell's previous work. Perhaps in some of them the touch of age and death, already upon her, added reality to the bright speed of her technique.

I, for one, am not sorry to find in American poetry Miss Lowell's sensuous richness. Her images in this volume, more nearly perfect than many in her former volumes, have a colored beauty....

> "He will lean above you, Scheherezade, like September above an orchard of apples."
> "Lily pads lie upon the surface, beautiful as the tarnishings on frail old silver."

Or the end of *Autumn and Death...*

> "Two grey old sisters, such
> Are Autumn and Death when their tasks are done,
> And their world is a world where a blackened sun
> Shines like ebony over the floes
> Of a shadeless ice, and no wind blows."

In individual figures—and in the short poems—Miss Lowell often reminds one of the rich felicity of that antecedent exquisite Tory, Tennyson. She is not sustainedly successful, however, as the young Tennyson was. One might call her a Tennyson in splinters.

Miss Lowell herself best states her philosophy of life and of poetry: "The earth is a colored thing." And in this volume, as before, she is forever praising the facets and flashes of the earth—as tho it were a prism in the magic casement of an ivory tower. Frost has characterized her poetry well: "The water in our eyes from her poetry is not warm with any suspicion of tears; it is water flung cold, bright, and many-colored from flowers gathered in her formal garden in the morning. Her Imagism lay chiefly in images to the eye.... Her poetry was forever a clear resonant calling off of things seen." Miss Lowell never felt the highest truth of our time: that the earth is a living thing. She was, at her best, only a great pair of eyes.

Miss Lowell, in this volume as elsewhere, never knew the divine madness. In her somewhat pretentious poem, *The Sisters,* (Christina Rossetti and Edna Millay were perhaps personae non gratae in Miss Lowell's formal parlor... or were they too wise to come?), Miss Lowell suggests that she would have differed from Mrs. Browning about Roman revolutions. The difference defines the women. Miss

Lowell preferred her hard flameless gems to the roar of the lion proclaiming Republican Rome. And all Miss Lowell's wit and wisdom was of this exquisite order: a wit of the parlor, a wisdom worldly tho sensuously phrased. We listen to her as we might listen to the talk of a society lady, sublimated certainly, and with a flair for beautiful words, but always a woman of the world. She chats with a certain hard brilliance, such as we might expect from Pilate. Her talk is often clever, often interesting, but it tires and eventually bores one with its level arrogance, its wisdom of this world. One longs for the divine madness of poetry. When we are hungry and thirsty for bread and wine, even a cameo will not content us.

Miss Lowell was an arrow of longing and not a poet. She plowed the field of poetry, but with a ruby for a plow-share; so her yield was not Whitman's life-nourishing corn, nor Poe's cypress-trees, nor Emily Dickinson's free wild arbutus, nor Emerson's rhododendra... but only Miss Lowell's very formal flowers.

Miss Lowell was an episode... to which charge she has made her own fine and final answer,

"If I'm an episode, why so are you."

But, after all, the earth will not be answered, for the earth loves not episodes but only epics: a Whitman, a Poe...

A book, like a gun, depends on the man behind it. The final worth of a book is not its style, not its recreation of the world: these are but avenues and windows, but gestures and stammered words: we care, at the long last, only for the man or the woman the book reveals. We turn from the creation to the creator. The final verdict is not to be decided by images, those pretty pleaders; nor by innovations, those resolute importuners; nor by wordly wisdom, that periwigged advocate; but only by the naked spirit. "Style is the way great men talk". Was Miss Lowell a great woman, as Whitman was a great man? Was she, not a rich technician, not a pretty artificer of visible prettiness, but a white-hot spirit—one (as Shakespeare said) of "God's spies", one who "steers humanity"?

At least, in this book as in her others, she brings us often a pleasant magic. Here we have the jottings and fragments of her last years, while she was engaged upon *Keats:* exquisite images that flash upon us the colored world; longer serious poems about men, and New England, and Texas; some acid verses upon the poetry

movement and her critics and admirers; some lyrics thru which blows a wind cold with age and death. Miss Lowell has climbed the clock, and it strikes her hour. But will there be any clocks in Eternity?

E. Merrill Root

Contributors

Many of the contributors to this issue do not need introduction to readers of *The Measure.*

CATHAL O'BYRNE is well known in musical, literary, and theatrical circles in Dublin. He is at present touring America. He is a singer of folk songs, and (in his own modest words) " a poet on the side." He is the author of two volumes of Poetry: *The Lane of the Thrushes,* and *The Grey Feet of the Wind.*

We know little of ANNE PERSOV, except that she lives in Detroit.

MARGARET TOD RITTER has had poems in *Contemporary Verse, The Bookman, Century, Forum, Catholic World,* etc. Macmillan has just published her first volume of collected poems, *Mirrors.*

PAUL TANAQUIL, as most of us know well, is one of the most interesting of the younger poets, who can write either with lyrical music or with satiric brevity. What most of us did not know, however, is that "Paul Tanaquil" was a pen-name for Jacques Le Clercq.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER lives in Denver, Colorado. Her poetry has appeared in many magazines. Her sonnets have a vigor and music that are true creation.

ALZIRE NELSON is a Californian poet. Her poems have appeared in *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse.*

JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS says that he has been writing verse all his life—was "born with the disease and has never taken anything *for* it." His work has appeared in various well-known poetry magazines. He has published a volume, *My Literary House.*

The Measure

A Journal of Poetry

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BOSTON
The Old Corner Book Store
50 Bromfield Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
Mitchell's Book Shop

DULUTH
The Glen-Clare Bookshop
23 N. 4th Avenue, West

PHILADELPHIA
The Little Brick House
332 South Camac Street

PLAINFIELD, N. J.
The Plainfield Bookshop
321 Park Avenue

PORTLAND, OREGON
The J. K. Gill Company

Kroch's

CHICAGO
The Walden Bookshop

Fanny Butcher's Bookshop

BERKELEY, CALIF.
Sather Gate Bookshop

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Brentano's

SAN FRANCISCO
Paul Elder & Co.